And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, & cosin Glendower wil you sit downe? and vncle Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.

Glendo. No, here it is; sit Cosen Piercie, sit good Cosen Hotspur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in heauen.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie
The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes
Of burning cressets, and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hotsp. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your mothers cat had but kittened, though your selfe had neuer bene borne.

Glen. I say, the earth did shake when *I* was borne.

Hotsp. And *I* say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hotsp. Oh! then the earth shooke to see the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie.
Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, oft the teeming earth
Is with a kinde of collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of vnruly winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement striuing,
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe
Steeples and mossegrowen Towers. At your birth
Our Grandam earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glen. Cosen, of many men
I do not beare these crossing: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes,
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the rolle of common men:
Where is he liuing, clipt in with the sea,
That chides the bancks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but womans sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Art,
And hold me pace, in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke, there's no man speakes better Welsh:
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace cosen Percy, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach you cosen, to command the deuill.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coose, to shame the deuill,
By telling truth. Tell truth and shame the diuell:
If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither,
And *I*le be sworne, *I* haue power to shame him hence:
Oh while you liue, tell truth and shame the deuill.

Mor. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head
Against my power, thrice from the bancks of Wye,
And sandy bottomd Seuerne haue I sent him
Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in fowle weather too?
How scapes he agues, in the diuels name?

Glen. Come, here is the map, shall we deuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The Arch-deacon hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assignd:
All Westward, Wales beyond the Seuerne shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and deare coose, to you,
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,